not; but to Bill's astonishment he buckled down to hard work in his uncle's offices, and to all appearances became the usual hard, absorbed, machine-like American business man. His sartorial attributes underwent a decided revolution: he was no longer a lily of the field, but a matter-of-factly dressed worker. Bill noticed that even his handkerchiefs these days were monogramless. And Pelham, who admired in others those qualities he did not possess, marveled at the power of woman, and wisely kept his perfumed, lounging, irritating personality out of his friend's way.

He looked thoughtful, however, when he learned that Tom was really making headway in his labors, had cut society and turned philanthropic. In short, there wasn't a doubt that his erstwhile chum had passed from the innocuous idleness of a rich man's ne'er-do-well son into genuine, purposeful, worth-while manhood. That little matter of his father's legacy had indeed worked a surprising change.

BUT in March the fever in Tom's veins broke control. All these months he had forced himself to put Godiva Heath out of mind, and had toiled with the desperation of one who fights to stave off the wolf fangs of memory. Of course Godiva had married her cousin, and equally of course she hadn't written him anything about it because she feared to see him again. As if he'd intrude the skeleton of his grief at their marriage feast! He hoped she was happy. He was glad Dad had left her the money. But—and this was the crux of the matter—he longed for her until his very heartbeats seemed to keep time to her name, and every breath he drew was an agony of desire. And forever the burning thrill of that first and last kiss was upon his lips.

Then one windy, leaden day in early spring Tom swung himself from the train at Oeten Station, and plodded up through the bare-branched maple avenue alone. Just the sight of the old gray house would ease his hurt, he thought, with that paradoxical human instinct which makes one press the sackcloth closer to his shrinking flesh.

The fish fountain was there, cold and waterless in the dull March weather; but no red and gold flowers bloomed, and the house was still. She was away, of course. And Tom leaned against the comfortless gray balustrade and let the desolation of it all trickle over him. How he loved her! And she—hadn't cared—

Just inside someone began to sing softly, "Some Day He'll Come," from "Madame Butterfly." Tom jumped violently, and turning ran up the steps and in at the front door without even waiting to ring. Had the window been open, history might have repeated itself. But when he reached the library threshold he stopped, feeling very, very foolish, and stood there hesitating, while a tall and slight figure in blue came across the room to him, the gray eyes strangely alight.

"Tom," she stretched out her hands. "I knew you'd come, some day!"

Tom stammered wretchedly, "I am glad to see you again, Mrs.—Mrs. Leonard."

THEN Godiva Heath laughed out. And the undeniable wistful sorrow of her countenance went quickly into shy happiness. "I am not Mrs. Leonard," she said. "I didn't marry Gaspard. We hadn't met for five years, and when he came he didn't like me at all. He'd been carrying about a mental picture of the shy woodland violet he'd left. He said I'd changed unwarrantably, and that he didn't like women who had intelligence and couldn't be molded. Of course neither of us really cared. Aunt Sarah engaged us to each other." She added wistfully, "That was the condition of her will. If I didn't marry Gaspard, I was to get nothing. He is fat and didactic, and—a good deal like her. I suppose she thought I needed that sort of husband. When I saw him I knew I didn't. It didn't matter at all about the money: I was so horrified at the thought of being married to a man like that." She stopped with a little gasp of terror. "He—he is fatter than ever, and he says that no woman has sense enough to vote!"

Tom laughed, actually laughed; and the little library swam round him like a veritable spiritual aurora borealis. "Why—why didn't you let me know?" he asked reproachfully but happily. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"How was I to be sure you wanted to know? After all, it might have been a fancy on your part. And I thought, if you cared enough, you'd come back—sometime."

She was very near him, sweet, wistful, appealing—and the first thing Tom knew he had her in his arms and was crushing her to him with all the dammed-back passion of the weary, weary months. And he was repaying her in tenfold measure for that mysterious but unforgetable kiss she had given him at parting.

BUT when it was possible to be in a degree coherent she drew back and regarded him with a solemnity that was almost portentous. "Listen," she said, "there's something I must tell you. Sit down." She pushed him gently to a chair, and sat herself on its arm. "I'm not really your father's heiress, Dear. I'm only a unique sort of administratrix for you. You see, your father deplored your selfishness, idleness, and lack of concentration generally. He said you had it in you to be a real man—if you ever woke up and realized your own abilities. He felt that if he left you his money outright, he'd be doing you a real injustice; for you'd be sure to take the path of least resistance and never try to make anything of yourself. He believed that throwing you upon your own resources might work the miracle he desired. But, so absolutely the doting parent was he, he meant for you to have the money in any case. It was only an experiment. There's a later will, in which everything goes to you. The first, of course, was in my favor. Not a penny of the money was really mine. He—I—" She hesitated, evading his eyes—"it's hard to say it."

"Tell me, Dear," he prompted gently.

"He wanted me to marry you. He was sure we were made for each other. But if he had so much as hinted to you that he'd selected your mate, you'd have gone off at a tangent in an opposite direction. He knew you pretty well, you see. He was very sweet and apologetic about it, and as he was quite ill and I expected to marry Gaspard anyway, I didn't feel in the least offended, nor any scruples about lending myself to his little scheme. You'll admit, won't you, that I never angled for you?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I was certainly a free moral agent."

"It was his idea that if you met me you might—might—like me, and leaving his money to me was a good way to bring about a meeting. He was a dear old man, and I loved him, and if becoming a partner to his ridiculous plot made him happy I don't regret my share in it the least. And I did hope the loss of the money would wake you up, and set you to work at something real. All worth-while men are workers, you know." She added passionately, "As if you didn't know! I haven't lost track of you, Tom, I've learned what you have done and become in these last months. And," she ducked her head down into his neck with an adorable suddenness, "I love you!"

Tom sat in stunned silence, his arm around her, staring out at the fish that looked like Aunt Sarah. At last he drew a long breath, and transferred his gaze from that attractive object to the rumpled dark head on his shoulder.

"Upon my soul," he admitted humbly, "the governor was an interesting person! He was indeed! Talk about the innocence of the dove and the guile of the serpent! I—I wish I could thank him. Why—indirectly—he's made my life over!"

Godiva still burrowed in his coat collar and made no response that could reasonable be called articulate.

He turned her face up to meet his eyes. "Godiva," he said suddenly, "you're beautiful! I wonder what that fool of a Bill Pelham will think when he meets my wife?"